

THE NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

A Tribute to Sara Jewett—A Wood-Flower Wet with the Dew of a Pensive Nature—Natures That Wear the Blush of Apprehension—A Fight Fought with a Golden Reticence—The Begum a Tarrytown Stew—The Sky-larking of Hopper—A Novelty in Theatricals—Swelldom and the Comedians.

A very pretty tribute might be written now to Sara Jewett, apropos of her benefit at the Union Square Theatre. I remember her as a dainty, weak tulip growing in Mr. Palmer's conservatory, subject always to the exactions of roles she was not strong enough to carry, but often sweetly triumphant in parts that carried her. Fragile almost to invalidism at the best, she was always an Ophelia to me, sitting where a willow grows aslant a brook, lowered upon by a leading man who had a masculine contempt for her shrinking sensibility, and who took a ruffianly delight in making her wince when she had no defense, this girl came up season after season, by the noisy roadside of the drama, a wood-flower wet with the perpetual dew of a pensive nature.

Those who knew her best knew that she possessed golden womanly talents and graces, but they were as fine as those golden hairs that every passing breeze tosses and dishevels.

Something of the accord and the sadness of an exquisitely tuned instrument swept into her work at times as the air itself often leaps into cadence as it passes through Æolian strings; something of the insight as well as the grace of the true woman in those fragments of verse that came from her pen, carrying with them that inscrutable pathos that licks in the music of Chopin, and lingers at nightfall in the few notes of the whippoorwill.

The retiring demeanor and shrinking reserve of such a woman can find no worse arena than the stage, where the first law of survival is self-assertion and the last law of success is defiance. A million tiny barbs of envy and jealousy are in the air like the needles of an Arctic blast. A thousand women, with no other claims than robust constitutions and unscrupulous determination, stand ready to leap over modesty and humility with nimble feet and brazen faces.

Nothing was further from Nature's intent in making Sara Jewett than to have her enter into a violent and vulgar struggle for existence. There are some natures whose delicate organizations wear a continual blush of apprehension. They cannot be schooled by the stampede of life into hardihood. They remind you of the fawn that is in a herd of buffaloes. Somewhere the fragile limbs give out and the herd passes over it.

But it is possible to say of Sara Jewett, that some of the charms of her talent and temperament reached responsive senses just as the lily of the valley, hidden in the weeds, will reach out its fragrance on every pulse of air.

She silently made hundreds of enduring friends where other women captured thousands of transient admirers. She fought her little fight with a golden reticence, bending her beautiful head to the innuendoes of one sex and turning it away from the invitations of the other. Men who did not believe in virtue did not believe in her. When seriousness could not assail her with scandal, flippancy sometimes struck her with irony. Truth that could not be forced to call her a vixen lent itself to a sneer and called her a vestal.

Art remembered her for having played Juliet with a dainty intelligence that almost redeemed the absence of amorous fire, and her Cordelia remains in the memory like a white and graceful pillar that is left from the wreck of a forgotten temple.

Her seasons at the old Union Square were always welcome seasons. If she never coerced the town, she often cajoled the sense and always won the judgment. She did her work intelligently, honestly and sometimes brilliantly.

Her health broke down afterward and she met with misfortunes. It was characteristic of such a woman to hide both her illness and her distress. She had a home and friends. To them she retired, and only the sneak thief pen of the Bohemian dared to intrude into that privacy.

The benefit tendered to her was a happy thought of Mr. J. M. Hill's. In it he was seconded by a well-known woman and actress, Miss Estelle Clayton, who immediately offered

her services and a new play. In twenty-four hours every box in the house was sold at a premium.

It was impossible to let this event come without a preliminary tribute. That's all.

The incident of the week has been the production of *The Begum* by the McCaull Opera company at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It proved to be what our fathers used to call a Tarrytown stew—all potatoes and no meat. Like most of the native attempts at comic opera, it never gets any farther than burlesque.

The theme is built on the Gilbert school of inverted fun, and the method is a weak imitation of both Gilbert and Sullivan. The rattle-bang music has the merit of rhythm. Most of it is written in thirds and uses the time-worn jig phrases of minstrelsy, so sweet to the unpurged American ear. When I tell you that

larking" *The Begum* is full of it. It will remind you of a school-yard at recess.

Mme. Cottrelly, who has a record of cleverness, has not added to it in this piece. She never was a vocalist in our time. But they continue to give her songs to sing. She exercises the divine right of a soubrette and speaks them. Sometimes she is in tune. When she is she is unintelligible.

As for Laura Joyce-Bell, who can describe the toll of her voice. The importance of her three chest-notes is so effective that the heart stands still when she strikes the gong of her contralto. If she speaks but one line, "Pry thee, sir, be calm," the chandeliers shake, and Carl Formes glints athwart the shuddering tympanum.

But, in spite of all this, *The Begum*, which is as far from opera as Mrs. Potter is from Olympus, is a big tomfooling divertimento. It knits Mr. McCaull's judgment in new bonds

much bewritten, much bespoken Anarchy, with an uncompleted temple rising slowly there for it on upper Broadway, baffled by the building department, held back by bricks and mortar, stupendous, timely, contemporaneous Anarchy. Ethereal mildness, come!

If ever there was a time for a new serious native effort it is now. Mr. Abbey has tried to put new wine into old bottles. Mrs. Abbey was too full of the contemporaneous spirit to rest with English submission in Polly. Why doesn't somebody give Mrs. Abbey a new play? She is aching for it.

Mr. Mackaye has got Joseph Haworth to play the leading role in Anarchy, but the linger is on the leading woman.

Leading women are proverbially scarce—and that reminds me of the leading men. Tearle and Pitt have both come into the season in a lukewarm way. Herbert Kelcey is the only man who has risen above his own

Palmer made one of his happy speeches, in which he alluded to a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Stuart Robson popped up in response to the thing of beauty and Crane came in with modest acknowledgments as the joy forever. Then they all went to work to make it forever by not breaking up till the next day, when Charley Delmonico had to tell them that the room was engaged for the rest of the week.

Isn't this rather a novelty in theatricals, to have swelldom setting up the comedians for celebration?

The drama must be getting over its decline when an American play and two American actors receive such recognition, and have no hand in getting it up. Even the ever-present but somewhat fagged Mr. Hill seems to have been innocent of this. There never was such a diverse party brought together as at that dinner, but they all shook hands on the American play.

I'm awfully glad for Mr. Hill's sake, for, after all, it was his quiet pluck that gave Henrietta to the New York public. It would have been done in Pomacook or Philadelphia if he had not believed in it with his bank account and his courage.

He laid his long fingers on it, just as he did on the faded Union Square Theatre, and it woke to success.

It's a great thing to have a man who knows what he believes and knows how to make the world agree with him. NYM CRINKLE.

Mr. Rosenfeld's Possible Case.

Sydney Rosenfeld, who lives up in Yonkers, where, for the past six months, he has given himself up entirely to literary labors, was in town on Monday, when he was met by a *MIRROR* representative.

"My latest work," he said, "is an entirely original comedy, entitled *A Possible Case*. I have just completed it after several months of very close work. Last August, when Colonel McCaull paid me a pretty comfortable deposit on my *Lady or the Tiger*, which he is to do in May, I determined to write something of a different style that should equal that libretto, and for the ensuing three months to devote myself—by forswearing woodboilers—to writing an original comedy which I would not be ashamed to put my name to. The result is *A Possible Case*."

"To what does the title refer?"

"It is a possible case in law, and sets forth the complications that may arise from the variety of marriage and divorce laws that exist in our various States. I have given some study to the legal points involved, and have made a piece which, while it is amusing, will bear the strictest analysis and criticism from a legal point of view."

"In the main the matter is treated humorously, though I have done what will either be the making or the marring of my work—I have allowed a strain of intense earnestness to permeate even situations which are in themselves almost farcical. I do not mean, in any sense, scenes that are simply manufactured for laughs, but unusual scenes growing by natural means out of natural causes. I start in by conceiving a certain state of affairs rendered by our marriage laws, and lead up to it by every legitimate process of dramatic construction. If I have any ability as a writer at all, I have endeavored to show it in this comedy. All the experience I have gained during my years of apprenticeship has been employed in the building up of these scenes, and while no man can foresee the measure of success with which his efforts are to be rewarded, he can at least have the gratification of feeling that he has been constantly true to his own ideal."

"There are a dozen sparkling parts in the piece, all contrasted, and each requiring the best possible portrayal to be effective. The central figure is that of a benevolent, middle-aged millionaire, who becomes a victim to a legal reading of the New York Marriage Code. This requires a comedian of discretion and artistic temperament. There is a toll to him in the shape of a bright comedy part—a wealthy young trifler—which is of corresponding prominence, and requires equally artistic handling. It is, in fact, owing to the necessity of having every part of the piece well played that I am very particular as to the final disposition of the play. I have not yet arranged for its production. I hope before the next number of *THE MIRROR* is issued to be able to give you some definite information concerning the future of the piece which will justify my delay."



ALFRED S. PHILLIPS

IN HIS IMITATION OF HENRY IRVING AS MEPHISTOPHELES (ROBERT H. CRAIG'S BURLESQUE OF "FAUST.")

De Wolf Hopper, Cottrelly and Digby Bell have to strew this tepid stream with the Autumn leaves of their personal monkeying, you will know what kind of a production it is.

Mr. Hopper has at last succeeded in making his conduct coincide with his name. From first to last he sustained the spontaneous American giggle by tomfoolery of a decidedly effeminate and fantastic kind. He tumbled about the stage, used a stuffed club, stood on his head, was emphatic, lymphatic, acrobatic and exotatic—everything in fact but vocal or valuable.

His songs were all circumscribed by local allusions and distorted by the puerile antics which comic opera now necessitates. But his legs won the house when the libretto could not. He made up in mugging what was deficient in meaning, and those notes that could not be sung were wildly gesticulated.

This sort of thing used to be called "sky-

level. I regard him at this moment as the coming lead. He has done some excellent work already, and there is a great promise in him.

That was an extraordinary affair, by the way, on Monday night at the Union Square. Mr. Charley Palmer, who is now called at the Union League Club "a high roller"—whatever that may mean—took it into his magnificent head to give the swellest theatre party ever seen here. He invited fifty fellows almost as good as himself to come to see Henrietta and eat a big dinner afterward at Delmonico's in honor of Robson and Crane. Mr. Chauncey Depew headed the delegation that marched to the theatre. Finance, eloquence, wisdom, political influence, civic importance and social elegance looked arms like a lot of college boys and went in for a good time over the comedians.

Whenever Mr. Duff puts up the announcement "No opera allowed here" we will have to add "Standing room only."

The next move is to put Anarchy in there. Poor, delayed and long-expected Anarchy—

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When they all got down to dinner Charley

At the Theatres.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—THE BEGUM.
 The Begum of Oude.....Mar. H. Cottrell
 Howja-Dhu.....De Wolf Hopper
 Poonch-Wahl.....Edwin W. Hoff
 Klam-Chowde.....Digby Bell
 Myah-Jallop.....Marion Manola
 Aminah.....J. de Angelis
 Just-Naut.....Harry Macdonough
 Ash-Khart.....Laura Joyce-Bell
 Namouna.....Annie Myers
 Damayanti.....Annie Myers

The auditorium of the Fifth Avenue Theatre was crowded on Monday evening with an audience rather more distinctly fashionable than the average "first nighters," to welcome the production of Reginald de Koven's operette, *The Begum*—the book by Harry B. Smith—which has already been tried, not on the dog, but on the Quaker, in a neighboring city, and seems to have pleased him vastly. The verdict was heartily endorsed at the Fifth Avenue. The unofficial *claqueurs* in the back rows did their duty with energy and enthusiasm; the composer's "society" friends patted their kids with more discreet but more appreciative warmth; flowers rained over the footlights, and the whole affair may be voted an undoubted success. The Begum seems likely to get and to deserve rather more than an average share of popular approval. The story deals with the love passages of a very much married Oriental Princess, who, with a large catholicity of feeling, appoints a new general-in-chief once a week or so, gets up a war with her neighbors, sends her brand new spouse, on the David and Bathsheba principle, into the hottest front, gets him comfortably killed off, appoints a new general-consort, and so on *ad caput*. The main action of the piece turns on the ingratiate, or the modesty, of her prime minister, Howja-Dhu, who, when doomed to this fatal honor, escapes in disguise, and eventually succeeds in shifting his uncomfortable distinction to the shoulders of his military substitute, Klam-Chowde, who, as it turns out, loves the Princess with unselfish affection. The Begum, on the action and reaction principle, true in sentiment as in physics, feels a sympathetic throb, and the pair are happily united, along with three subsidiary couples—Howja-Dhu with his dancing girl, Damayanti; the prime minister's son with the daughter of the Court Astrologer, and the Astrologer himself with the fortune-teller, Namouna. How all this is brought about, in detail, the reader will do well to learn for himself in the stalls.

The dialogue is lively and frequently clever, the topical songs humorous and telling, and the music extremely pretty. That it should be in any sense original were too much to ask. For a well-read musician, at this late date, to rise above his musical atmosphere and surroundings, would be at once the result and the token of exceptional genius. It is said of an old toper in the hot room of a Turkish bath, that he began, gently, by exuding mixed drinks, till he found himself eventually sweating straight whiskey. This Mr. De Koven has soaked himself with cotemporary light music that in the tepid atmosphere of composition, after a preliminary thaw of Offenbach and Suppe, he finally gets to running clear Sullivan. One or two half but palpable bits of reproduction from *Iolanthe* and *Ruddygore*, among others, sufficiently illustrate our meaning. But it was very prettily scored, the orchestra being kept almost unduly in subjection to the voices, and heartily enjoyable.

It was not very well sung. Hopper, Wilke, Manola and the rest are all but mediocre performers at best, and not troubled with that convenient monitor—musical ear. A word of praise, however, is due to Edwin W. Hoff for his sweet tenor and pleasant method, which would be better still if he could sing without forcing his phrase. But in action the piece was very funny. Digby Bell was dry and droll as the sententious astrologer, Hopper amazingly exuberant as the pothern prime minister, and even De Angelis, as the jester, rather more discreet in his buffoonery than usual. His comic duo and *oblique* gymnastics with Ash-Khart in the second act was prolonged, in response to the effusive back rows beyond any reasonable endurance. Cottrell, of course, acted well as the Begum, and little Annie Myers was saucy and spicy enough for an artist of three times her proportions.

The chorus, especially the men, were well drilled and correct, the dresses gorgeous and the scenery—moonset, sunrise and other effects of light and color—especially rich and beautiful. On the whole, *The Begum* offered an unusually large share of the good qualities demanded of an operetta, with a proportionately small percentage of its drawbacks, and may be set down, with confidence, for a run.

Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle.

What a myriad of delightful thoughts those words, blazoned on a poster, invariably awaken! The reckless, tender, droll vagabond of Falling Water, with his winsome smile and his picturesque rags, enters our mind in a sort of dreamy haze like that which lingers about the summit of the blue Catskills on a Summer day. And then in an entrancing train come the recollections of his misfortunes, his weak resolves, his impetuous good-nature; we shed a tear or two as he goes out into the storm, and the door of his wretched home is closed against him; we laugh at his monologue in the presence of those silent, greenish ghosts, over whom the august and bibulous shade of Hendrick Hudson holds fearful sway; we see him bathed in the sunlight of the morning on the awakening after his long sleep, and we pity him when he looks wonderingly at his

white beard and that decrepit, rusty gun; we follow his tottering footsteps down the mountain-side to the quaint village below, where all is changed, where the faces that knew him are gone forever, along with his house, his faithful dog, and his score on the shutter of Nick Vedder's pot-house; we see him led helplessly to the home of the man who has thrived on his land and who is wed to his broken-hearted wife; we yearn to tell him the truth when he stands so pathetically before his child, and asks in a tremulous treble if she knows her father, and something like a sob comes into our throat as she falls into his ragged arms with a cry of joy; and then we are glad to leave him beside his new fireside, with his wife, his Meenie, his pipe and his cup, and with the wish "May you live long and prosper" echoing fondly in our ears. Dear old Rip! you have lightened many a heavy heart, and there are thousands that have given you their sympathy and their love.

Washington Irving created Rip, but Jefferson remodelled, popularized and perpetuated him. Years come and years go, but this marvelously simple yet exquisitely artistic characterization has maintained its prominence in spite of changes in public taste, fashion in plays and all else. At Niblo's on Monday night it was seen again by a heartily appreciative house. All the well known points were applauded and the actor was several times called before the curtain. The support was capable for the most part. Mr. Varrey as Derrick, George Denham as Cockles, and the children, Gertie Foster and Bertie Black, as little Meenie and Hendrick, were the most noteworthy features. Next Monday She will be produced.

Evans and Hoey are appearing this week at the Grand Opera House in *A Parlor Match*. On Monday night the house was crowded, and the performance was the source of almost continuous laughter and applause. The comedians have freshened up the skit and introduced a good many new mirth-provoking lines. Of its kind it is probably the best show on the road. There is a good deal of vacuous silliness in Hoyt's absurdities, but the nonsense of this one, as delineated by the company, is funny enough to make a brass monkey cackle. Minnie French as Innocent Kid, Daniel Hart as the Captain, and several other clever people ably assisted the prime conspirators in this lively entertainment. The musical selections were well given. Next week, Held by the Enemy.

The Fourteenth Street Theatre was filled on Monday when Mr. Thompson returned to its stage—the scene of his two notable metropolitan hits. The audience enjoyed the simple, homely but heart-stirring picture presented in *The Old Homestead* by the star and his associates, and again admired the handsome stage settings which were seen last season. Mr. Thompson's engagement is certain to be profitable alike to himself and the public.

The Ivy Leaf was acted on Monday night at the Windsor by W. H. Power's company. The heroine, Colice O'Brien, was undertaken by Georgie Conalline, whose good appearance and pleasing soprano voice obtained her a good deal of applause. Her "Home Sweet Home" and "The Ivy Leaf" however, were greatly marred by a Cockneyism. For instance:

"Ome, sweet ome. Be it never so
 'Um-bell, there's no place like ome,

and "if he only noo," and again "the morning doo." Her acting was singularly colorless and unimpassioned. "Rosebud" played the part of Maureen Deelish with a bright vim. Henrietta Scott acted the prim widow Deelish capitally. An extra meed of praise is due to Zella Leonard, a bright little maiden of some seven or eight Summers, whose spirited acting of Little Norinne gave much satisfaction.

Smith O'Brien's Murty Kerrigan could scarcely be improved on, and it earned a call. Charles Frew as Dennis Donovan was excellent, but his make-up was exaggerated. W. H. Elwood was satisfactory as Gerald Daly. Con T. Murphy filled the part of Robert Nolan somewhat tamely. It is curious, but true, that dramatic authors when playing in their own pieces will often fail to see and interpret the full tenor of their own lines. W. A. Mack as Darby Flinn sang well, but his acting seemed strained. The rest of the support was acceptable.

The Golden Giant is playing at the People's this week. Mrs. Rankin fills her original part of Bessie, but otherwise the cast is different from that seen last season. Ralph Delmora as Alexander Fairfax is virile, but he does not do it sufficiently well to obliterate recollection of Mr. Rankin's performance of the same role. W. S. Harkins gave an excellent picture of the gambler, Jack Mason. Charles Kidder, C. J. Greene, Russell Bassett, Leonard Bradley and Marian Strickland acted the other important parts. On Monday night the audience was large and enthusiastic. A Hole in the Ground will be the bill at this theatre next week.

Judging from the size of the house and the manifestations of approval at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night Benjamin Maginley will play a very successful engagement there this week in *Inshavogue*. Mr. Maginley is rapidly recovering the full power of his

voice, and soon expects that it will be as good as new. In the leading part of this play he is seen to excellent advantage. Lillian Billings is very good in the dual role of Norah and Ellen. The rest of the support is fair, and the singing is a feature. There is some pretty scenery used in the play. Next week, the Australian Novelty company will be the attraction.

Mr. Harrigan's new play, *Pete*, was set down for production at the Park Theatre last night. Owing to the fact that we are obliged to publish a day earlier than usual this week—Thursday being a holiday—notice of the production must be deferred. So far as rehearsals justify the expression of an opinion it would appear that Pete has the elements of a popular success. The piece is a departure from Mr. Harrigan's ordinary range of subjects. The scene is laid in Florida, and plantation life, illustrated by negro impersonators, gives it color. Mr. Harrigan himself will put on burnt cork—something he has not done in a long time. He plays the title role. Several good dramatic people have been specially engaged for the play, while the favorite members of the regular company all are assigned to the sort of characters that they are so proficient in delineating.

Extra matinees are set down for Thanksgiving at the Casino, Wallack's, Lyceum, Niblo's, Park, Madison Square, Fourteenth Street, Tony Pastor's, Bijou, Fifth Avenue, Grand Opera House, Dockstader's, Union Square, Standard, Third Avenue, People's, Windsor and Academy.

The Marquis' career at the Casino will cut short at the close of next week. The production has given enjoyment to large audiences, and it will, on the completion of its run, have been given seventy-one times. Dec. 2 one of Lecocq's operettas, under the title of *Madelon*, will be performed for the first time in this country. The book is by the well known team of librettists, Meilhac and Halevy. This piece had a run of two hundred nights at the Renaissance, Paris, a number of years ago. At the Casino it will be staged in the customary brilliant fashion. The Sunday night concerts were resumed here this week. The violinist Tia and her company of artists, supplemented by the theatre orchestra, agreeably entertained a large audience.

At Dockstader's *The Black Faust* is a palpable hit. This week a seasonable flavor is given to the enjoyable entertainment by the first-part finale, Thanksgiving at Washington Market. Three new ballads are given in the vocal departments. An evening of real fun can always be had at this home of pure minstrelsy.

Gilded youth and wintry age alike find pleasure in the light-clad hours of *Corsair* at the Bijou. If the nude in art is to be denied the community by Mr. Anthony Comstock, this sumptuous sybaritic entertainment yet remains.

All holiday seasons are festively celebrated by Tony Pastor, who makes it a point to put his best foot forward on these occasions. For this Thanksgiving week he has secured a capital bill. Dan Mason, the laughable Dutch dialect comedian; the La Rosas, the Electric Three, Fred Bryant, the cornetist; Wood, Shepard and Bryant, the musical trio—thee are but a few of the clever and attractive specialists that take part in the bewilderingly varied programme. Mr. Pastor himself, with the opera hat and the smile that are as distinctly associated with his vocal performances as are the attributes with the Muses, is on hand with a fresh budget of timely and topical ditties.

The Henrietta grows in popularity as the season ages. It is no infrequent thing for people coming late to the Union Square to find the S. R. O. sign hung upon the outer wall of the lobby. On Monday night, after the performance, Messrs. Robson and Crane were teased, along with sundry distinguished citizens, at the Hoffman House by Charles Palmer, who is the owner of the Union Square Theatre property. There was specifying galore by the aforesaid d.c.'s, and it was naturally pretty much in one direction—to wit, the social and professional excellences of the popular comedians.

The Wife has been put into such good shape at the Lyceum that it does not seem like the same play it was on the first night. It is excellently acted and prettily staged. A new piece is being rehearsed by the company.

Next week will be the last of *The Dark Secret* at the Academy. It has floated bravely on its tank, and thousands have been delighted by its aqueous sensation.

The many pretty melodies in Dorothy, together with its galaxy of beauty and vocality, and, moreover, the funniments of Harry Paulton, combine to make an evening spent at the Standard an evening well spent. The production in some respects perhaps falls below the metropolitan standard, but it is a treat, nevertheless, to see and hear a genuine comic opera legitimately performed. Dorothy is a refreshing change from the current slang and horse-play of opera comique.

This week Mr. Abbey is turning the Rob-

ertsmanian ole clo's inside out at Wallack's, School and Caste dividing the time. Forget Me Not is coming on next, *The Silver King*—another contemplated novelty—having fallen through for the present. There is said to be some perturbation in the company from the fact that Mrs. Abbey's name is featured on the bills. Of course this is a matter in which Mr. Abbey can exercise his own judgment; but Miss Coghlan and Mr. Tearle, whose positions are clearly defined, appear to have ground for complaint. It may be that the typographical arrangement, to which exception is taken, arose from a printer's blunder. In that case it is easily rectified.

Before a fashionable and crowded house on Saturday night Mr. Irving appeared at the Star as Louis XI. By general consent the impersonation takes first rank in the distinguished English actor's repertoire. The cunning, craft, cruelty and cowardice of this monstrous monarch's character are presented with a strength of purpose, a delicacy of touch and a perfection of detail that entitle it to the warmest praise. It may be objected that the death scene is painted in too ghastly colors, but even this, a triumph of realism, is awesome and impressive. The memories which the spectator takes with him from the theatre after this performance are indelibly distinct. As a histrionic achievement Mr. Irving's Louis overtops all his other creations. It does not depend on pictorial adjuncts, on mechanical contrivance, on theatrical trickery in any form. It is a subtle, intellectual, powerful dramatic effort. The support was good, albeit the subordinate characters acted little from their representatives. Faust remains on the bill every night, except Saturday, when *The Bell* and *Jingle* will be given again.

The Martyr is likely to remain on the Madison Square stage for some time. It is an interesting play, well acted and handsomely mounted. Elaine is in rehearsal, but there is no hurry about the preparations for its production, as it may not be wanted in a number of weeks.

The Musical Mirror.

The representation of *Le Prophète* at the Metropolitan on Wednesday was by far the least satisfactory of the series so far offered by the management. The opera itself is in some sense a classic, yet by no means one of Meyerbeer's most pleasing works. The music has much of the dry severity and sternness of the savage fanatics it depicts. It largely lacks the color, richness and variety of the more popular *Huguenots* or the *Etoile du Nord*. But it is finely spectacular, and so gets an occasional representation from companies strong in scenic resource, and blest furthermore with a good mezzo-soprano and a stately tenor robusto. Both these requirements were fairly answered in Niemann and Brandt. The former sang well, and in movement and presence gave an admirable picture of the sturdy and specious impostor, John of Leyden. Fri. Brandt was not at her best. Neither her acting nor her singing during the earlier scenes were as free, vigorous and correct as her auditors have learned to expect of her. For the first act or two her intonation was unpleasantly faulty and in the famous duo with Bertha it seemed as if the leader were intentionally keeping his orchestra as quiet as possible to somewhat tide over the yawning gap between score and singers. In truth the main fault lay with Frau Biro de Marion, who, as the suffering Bertha, pervaded the stage with a wild extravagance of phrasing and a cracked and reedy dissonance of voice which made listening a torture rather than a pleasure. The lofty filial devotion with which the prophet sacrifices his mistress to his mother is intended to be tragic, but on Wednesday it was palpably the only way to save both him and the audience from nervous prostration, and exactly the right thing to do under the circumstances. It seems to be Mme. De Marion's function to preach moral lessons. Her untempting wiles as Venus in Tannhauser were as good as a volume of sermons, and amply explained the repentant troubadour's abrupt return to virtue. It is painful to have to speak so harshly of any individual artist, but where a performance sets off so sharply as in this case against a background of general excellence, a due regard for artistic unity dictates prompt substitution.

The piece was handsomely staged. The coronation scene was imposing, and the destruction of the Prophet well managed in mechanical device, though it must go to the heart of a thrifty manager to set his personages on the stage with such pomp merely to blow them up just three minutes after. In one detail the usual liberality and taste of the direction fall short. The camp-scene, with its peasants, soldiers and skaters, is usually made the occasion, in Continental opera houses, for a very ingenious and amusing display of virtuosity on the flying rollers. In place of this, the spectator on Wednesday was treated to an insufficient and inappropriate ballet. "There are no birds in last year's nests" says the proverb. Are there no skaters in last year's rinks?

The first rehearsal and concert of the Philharmonic Society, under the baton of Theodore Thomas, took place at the Metropolitan respectively on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening last. The programme offered was rather more interesting and instructive than inspiring. Wagner's *Faust* overture was found

occasional but not frequent place on our concert programmes, and is to a large proportion of hearers practically almost or quite new. It is suggestive as calling up the much-mooted point, so essential in the Wagnerian system, of minute interpretation. The composer aims to paint for us that restless skepticism, discontent and sadness which fill the soul of the dissatisfied scholar in the drama and give the keynote to the rest of the action. As the programme tells us—

The god who in my breast abides,
 Through all its depths can stir my soul;
 My every faculty he awakes and guides,
 Yet can he not what lies without control,
 And thus my life, as by a load oppress'd,
 I long for death—existence I detest!

The work is beautifully orchestrated—a consequent progression of those subtle minor, wailing modulations so characteristic of the master's work. It is pathetic, plaintive and expressive in a high degree, and as such enjoyable. But probably nine in ten of the auditors not especially erudite in Wagner's compositions, would have felt no surprise if it had been billed as an unpublished *Vorspiel* or *Interlude* to Tannhauser, or Tristan, or Lohengrin, or Parsifal. To carry out the full contention of the orthodox, it should fit just the mental unrest of Faust and no other. Average hearers will prefer to feel that all musical expression is in its nature vague and elastic, susceptible of a large breadth of interpretation. No way, they will opine, has yet been found, or likely to be found, of telling in tones the precise form of sadness, arising from intellectual skepticism, as distinct from that of remorse or jealousy or blighted affection, with such demonstrative clearness that they shall not be more or less interchangeable and likely to be mistaken. All tragic drama contains the elements of regret and sadness, passion and pain, and there is a flavor of pedantry in the minuteness which assumes by chord or modulation to bind us to a too individual interpretation.

Rubinstein's Concerto for violin, op. 46, introduced to our stage after long absence, the former child-wonder, Mme. Urso, now matronly and mature of presence and palpably no longer a child. The composition is what might be expected from the composer of the Ocean Symphony. It is peculiarly rich, ingenious and refined in scoring, and full of delicate subtle melodies of a rather intricate kind. But it has the defect that it envelops and over-lies the violin part, which is almost unduly merged in the orchestral score, and at no point marked by that large cantabile quality so peculiarly the province of the violin. Mme. Urso's execution was neat and correct, but not broad, strong or poetic; it was the conscientious work of the careful technician, not that of a creative artist. On the whole it was sadly conceded that phenomenal achievement in tender years offers little or no assurance of exceptional ripeness in later development.

Liszt's symphonic poem, *Festkunge*, is a disappointing work. Like much of the composer's work, it is full of pretentious fuss over rather trite, thin themes and phrases, which together do not go to make up any fine musical thought. It is beautifully scored, of course; no one but Wagner and Berlioz can rival Liszt in his command of all contrapuntal and instrumental device; but he has no message. That of others he can deliver well enough. Give him a song to adapt and orchestrate, a wild Hungarian air to work up into a Rhapsodie, and he makes of it a bit of intoxication. Thrown back on his own resources he is apt to be dry, inconsequent and tame—like an after-dinner orator set to talk against time, with nothing to say.

But, if the programme had been far less satisfactory, it was worth the time and money to hear Thomas' noble band play the grand old Fifth Symphony. The leader's baton has lost none of its electric command, the performers none of their admirable accuracy and sympathetic response. And then the massive richness of the tone which only numbers can give! The *tyro* is apt to fancy that an orchestra of over a hundred pieces sounds louder than one of fifty or sixty. Not at all. It does not make more noise, it merely makes a nicer one. To hear the beautiful, velvety smoothness, the clear, sonorous tonality of Thomas' splendid body of strings is a thing worth living for.

Professional Doings.

—F. S. Sanford will wield the managerial end of the Kindergarten company.

—Fin Reynolds, singing comedian, is at liberty. He makes a specialty of dialect roles.

—A new theatre is on the cards for Louisville, Ky. Louisville seems to be getting more than her share.

—E. P. Myerson is again on his feet after a severe wrestle with rheumatism.

—Harry Phillips will probably produce his new play, *The Spectre King*, in Chicago during the Summer.

—The statement that Annie Robe has been secured for Anarchy is denied.

—It is rumored that Geoffrey Hawley, of Joseph Jefferson's company has come into an inheritance.

—H. L. Thurber, a New England newspaper man, goes in advance of James Owen O'Connor.

—Armory Hall, Billy McGlo's old place in Hester street, has been turned into a variety theatre.

—The Daly Brothers played in Upside Down at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, last week, to over \$9,000.

—Charles T. Parloe has introduced a number of musical novelties into his successful comedy, *A Grass Widow*, including a medley which is made up of the popular songs of the day. Reports from New England indicate that the piece is doing a good business.

—The Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, now ranks as one of the handsomest theatres on the New England circuit. The great changes that have been inaugurated since it came into Manager G. B. Bunnell's hands are the reason of its success. Many of the best attractions have been presented there this season, and managers are pleased with the returns of the box-office.

—The Little Pauper, written for Annie Pixley by Howard P. Taylor, will be given its first production in Philadelphia next week. *The Little Sinner*, by the same author, is announced for production by Maggie Mitchell on Friday next at Kansas City. Mr. Taylor forwarded on Monday to Grace Hawthorne in London two of his latest plays, *Infatuation* and *Chirley*, which will, it is expected, be played at the Princess Theatre during the run of *The Juggler*.

He said of the electric exhibition marvellous things, and he described feelingly in the cellar they had to dig to sink the fernal scenery they brought over

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In order to prevent future complications and annou-
ments calculated to injure innocent parties, Gustaf
Frohman states that the rights to produce *Max Blosso*
has been placed in the hands of Benjamin M. Givley for
certain of the large cities. Joseph Adelman for the
Middle States and T. Stratton Swanger, who has be-
published as a pirate, for the Eastern circuit. Nego-
tiations are pending with Jenny Holman, who has nev-
played it, and never intended to play it without au-
thority. Kittle Rhoades holds certain rights

THE BEGUM,
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McCAULL OPERA COMPANY.
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no cents is rather strong for even a booming place like Wichita to stand.

TOPEKA.
Crawford's Opera House (Fisher and Hanson's Cold Day co. 12). The place has been here before, and I must say that I did not think very highly of it either time. However, a good many people seem to not agree with me, and I long ago learned not to take my own opinion on any show as a sure index of its drawing powers, as flattering as it may seem. Maggie Mitchell in Little Barfoot and Pearl of Savoy 12-13. As usual, the support was of the best, and of course the houses were crowded. Gilmore's Band in superb concert 16. The affair was made quite a local event by a young and enthusiastic Kansas Fenians, who presented Mr. Gilmore with an elegant stand of flowers, and shot off their little speeches and great applause from their friends. Letitia Fritch, who has been here before with the Hesp Opera co. on its return from Mexico, was a charming feature of the concert. Louis James and Marie Walworth in Virginia 17.

NEWTON.
Regalade Opera House (Joseph B. W. Johnston, manager). George C. Mills in Richard III. 14. A large audience gave testimony of their pleasure in hearty applause. Adele Pava and William W. Griffith were excellent. The star, the remainder of the cast were by no means deserving of praise. Joseph B. Grimes and Phoebe Davies in Called Back drew a fair-sized house 15. This is undoubtedly the best all-around cast on that hereabouts has been for this season. Every character is in the hands of an artist, while every scene was put in perfect. Mr. Grimes and Miss Davies were called before the curtain at the close of the third set. Minnie Madden 29.

KENTUCKY.
LEXINGTON.
New Opera House (Scott and Mann, managers). The Gilbert Huntley co. closed a three-night engagement at popular prices. Poorly patronized. Lywood, A. Celebrated Case and Streets of New York were presented.

MAINE.
PORTLAND.
Theatre: Kindergarten was bad enough, but C. O. D. was worse. In the former piece the pretty girls were a feature, wholly lacking in Stanley Mack's latest attempt which played to a packed house. The piece itself was a terrible concoction to inflict even a Maine audience with and the entire cast (?) who undertook its rendition were decidedly bad with the exception of Gus Bruno, whose performance efforts saved the show from being a total loss.

Park Garden: Manager Knowlton is giving his patrons the best the market affords and his audiences the past week have been as big as any offered. Sam Lucas and his sister Ernie have been the prominent features and received several encores nightly.
Notes: George W. Floyd, Goodwin's enterprising advance agent made lots of friends and did lots of business for his star during his stay here. The play of the familiar charms in C. O. D. was liberal and excessive. —Lella Farrell of this city, is a member of Nat Goodwin's co. and her friends will be out in force during her engagement here. —The Amateurs are rehearsing "Tied by a Cry." C. O. D. played to the smallest audience that any co. had in this city. —The Park Garden has become an established success, and the management have several new ideas that cannot fail to increase the patronage.

MARYLAND.
HAGERSTOWN.
Academy of Music (Hoffman and Ulrich, managers). Kate Clayton in The Two Orphans played to a fair house 14. Barnes' Red Boy co. 17 to a poor house. Worst performance of the season. Sunday evening. Quatre-vingt 19; fair house. Booked, Sallie Hinton Dec. 8-14; Clara Louise Kellogg 15; Hettie Barendse Chase 26.

MASSACHUSETTS.
SPRINGFIELD.
Gilmore's Opera House (W. C. Le Noir, manager). The quietness of last week was broken only by the appearance of two standard attractions, Louis Aldrich in My Partner 18 and Power's Ivy Leaf co. 19. The latter which did a paying business. My Partner quite deserves its popularity. Louis Aldrich's Joe Saunders being as earnest and manly as ever. George D. Chapin, so long with Janette, is a worthy successor to T. M. Hunter as Major Brit and Harry Booker, whose character work as the jockey in Gus Williams' Captain Misher is pleasantly remembered, proved the best Monrolian since Parson. In the picturesquely Ivy Leaf Scott O'Brien and Charles F. Ward were successful in the parts filled last season by Eugene O'Rourke and John F. Ward, while W. A. Mack and George Cowles' vocal efforts captured the house. Coming: Stanley Mack's C. O. D. Dec. 20. —George W. Floyd, Goodwin's enterprising advance agent made lots of friends and did lots of business for his star during his stay here. The play of the familiar charms in C. O. D. was liberal and excessive. —Lella Farrell of this city, is a member of Nat Goodwin's co. and her friends will be out in force during her engagement here. —The Amateurs are rehearsing "Tied by a Cry." C. O. D. played to the smallest audience that any co. had in this city. —The Park Garden has become an established success, and the management have several new ideas that cannot fail to increase the patronage.

NEW BEDFORD.
The week just passed was a rather unfortunate one for the theatrical people. Signor Liberti, the well-known comedian, of New York, opened Sunday evening with a sacred concert. About fifty people were in the Opera House, and a second performance was given Monday evening with no better results. Signor Liberti was induced to come here by an Italian confectioner, who thought there was a chance to make a few dollars easily. The Signor would not come on an uncertainty, so the confectioner, Nicholas Demaly, guaranteed him a certain sum, sending a cheque for one-half the amount to New York. A few good artists were secured in that city and a fine entertainment was the result. On Monday Mr. Demaly gave Liberti a cheque for the balance, and the following morning the two cheques were presented at the national banks, where they were dishonored, Demaly having no funds on deposit. Signor Liberti endeavored to get hold of some collateral, but found that a creditor of Demaly's had got ahead of him and attached his store, and a sheriff's officer had been sent to the door. Signor was responsible for the pay of the artists, and is out several hundred dollars, besides having gone to much personal inconvenience. Demaly protests that he meant nothing but mischief, and that his counsel was no criminal action can be brought against him. The Welsh Prize Singers also had hard luck at the Opera House, a mere handful being present.

At the People's Thompson Opera House, a good business was given by the leading lady, Mrs. Gleason, who was taken seriously ill and the house had to be closed for the remainder of the week.
Friend Mosher, The Mirror's correspondent in Fall River, asks what became of your correspondent in the recent Legislative contest, as my name did not appear on the list to be voted upon, and wishes to know if I withdrew. Thanking friend Mosher kindly for the interest shown, all doubt is hereby removed. I was simply state that I was elected in the preliminary caucus to stay at home. Having a brotherly regard for my friend in Fall River, I would like to advise him when "friends" urge him to enter politics, to give up the idea and decide to stay at home. I have a brotherly regard for my friends in Fall River, I would like to advise him when "friends" urge him to enter politics, to give up the idea and decide to stay at home. I have a brotherly regard for my friends in Fall River, I would like to advise him when "friends" urge him to enter politics, to give up the idea and decide to stay at home.

LYNN.
Music Hall (James F. Rock, manager). Bennett and Moulton Comic Opera co. 14-19 to the usual large attendance. This co. is a great favorite here.
Waxed Ends: Over eight thousands people attended the performances of Prof. Skinner, the young musician, at Odd Fellows Hall during the past week. I clip the following from the Lynn Item: "That Lynn is a good show town was proved on Wednesday. There were three matinees in progress, well attended, and three good audiences in the evening, to mention a dozen minor attractions in various halls about town. Lynn people spend a large amount of money for their amusements, and they want as good as there is. They generally get it, too. —A panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg was given afternoons and evenings at the Coliseum 17. —Nat Goodwin is to appear at Music Hall 26, and Boston people have already begun to telephone for tickets. —My Aunt Bridget will be the Thanksgiving attraction. —The second concert in the People's Courtyard by the Listerman Concert co. 13, was well attended. —Manager Atkinson was in town one day last week. —Eugene Millard, of this city, has been appointed as stage manager of Abbey's U. T. C. co. —Charles Mills, stage carpenter at Music Hall, has gone to St. Augustine, Fla. for the winter.

BROCKTON.
City Theatre (W. W. Cross, manager). Powers' Personal: Ellis B. Holmes, formerly with Baird's Minstrels, and later treasurer of one of the Bennett-Moulton Opera co., has retired from the ranks of the profession and is now doing well in the provision trade here in his native city.

WALTHAM.
Music Hall (W. D. Bradstreet, manager). Helene Adell, accompanied by Oscar Eagle and a good co. in support, played their first engagement in this city

week of 14 appearing in A Night in Rome, Pink Domino. M. H. Nels. Nell Gwynne, An Upright Match, Three Buckle Clocks and Shamus O'Deeher, all of which were presented in a highly creditable manner, especially the comedies. Business, although not what it should have been, increased with each performance. J. C. Roach in Dan Darcy 24. Fred. Bryson in Forgiven 26.

FALL RIVER.
Academy of Music (Thomas R. Burrell, manager). It is very rarely that week passes without an attraction, but owing to two co. cancelling, the past week was bare. Frankie Kemble in Sybil in the Tankards, well attended. This date, which always draws well, came near going begging, and this attraction was booked at the last moment. Casino co. in Krimle 20. Casino Theatre: This place, too, was closed the past week. Arthur Sprague and Marie Acosta are billed this week in The Molly Maguires and Nick of the Woods.

Items: It was reported that the Casino Theatre was to open 21, but nothing is announced. —McNish, Johnson and Slavia's Minstrels are the Christmas attraction at the Academy.

LAWRENCE.
Opera House (A. L. Grant, manager). Ivy Leaf 14 to fair business. Play and co. very good. Weynesa Concert co. 15 gave concert to small house. Deserved better. C. O. D. 16 and 17. The latter, to fair advantage. Macv and Gus Brema deserve mention. Floy Crowell 21-6.

SALEM.
Mechanics' Hall: The Wanderers 14-19 have a good

evening hall: The Daniels Concert co. also drew big houses.

TAUNTON.
Music Hall (A. B. White, proprietor). Our old friend Louis Aldrich in My Partner 18 to large house. Aldrich as Joe Saunders gave the same perfect representation of the big-hearted miner as in the past. George D. Chapin's Major Brit was a study, his election speeches taking immensely. The Wing Lee of Harry Becker, though somewhat overdrawn, served to please. Dora Goldkwaite as Mary Brandon played with care and showed careful study.

Items: Julia Anderson, had sufficiently recovered from her recent serious illness, to be removed to her home at Newport, R.I. —This is Louis Aldrich's farewell tour in My Partner. He closes season in Troy, N. Y. 26.

HAVERHILL.
Academy of Music (James F. West, manager). Power's Ivy Leaf 15 to good house and audience well pleased with play and co. T. P. and W. Minstrels 17 to the capacity of the house. The costumes and arrangement of the first part was splendid, otherwise the entertainment was ordinary. Lotta 20, Casino Krimle Dec. 11. A fireproof curtain and other safety appliances are soon to be put into this house.

Items: Charles Brickwood, of this city, is at home recovering from the effects of a severe illness.

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Academy of Music (James B. Field, manager). Stanley Mack's C. O. D. 14, which is yet a "new laugh." Suffice it to say this new laugh is but a conventional skit, depending on the recital of the players for an existence. Mr. Mack's C. O. D. is a study, his election speeches taking immensely. The Wing Lee of Harry Becker, though somewhat overdrawn, served to please. Dora Goldkwaite as Mary Brandon played with care and showed careful study.

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CHELSEA.
Academy of

The Usher.



Heard him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Before he left for England the other day Joseph Arthur told me the Princess's was the London theatre where The Still Alarm would most probably be done. Informal negotiations had been progressing with Manager Kelly beforehand. Should the trip be arranged Harry Lacy, the horses and the real fire-engine will set sail at the conclusion of an engagement at the Fourteenth Street next March. The stay on the other side will last until November. Mr. Arthur said he believed the piece would startle the Parisian middle classes if he could get it on at one of the popular theatres in the French capital. At any rate he is going to run across the Channel and see about a translation and the chances of a production.

It is now decided that Mr. Palmer will not cross the ocean next month to superintend the production of Theodora at the Princess. The change of plan does not displease the active manager; he was not especially in love with the idea of crossing the sea at this inclement season, and he would have found it inconvenient to leave his many interests even for a few weeks.

A Philadelphian wants to know if a "Speaking Philadelphean," announced by some manager for next season, is a proper expression. I presume he means to ask, by this, if it makes sense, for propriety, of course, is not in question where managerial announcements are concerned. Here we have a new recruit for my infant class of correspondents. To this seeker after knowledge, a live corpse, a dumb singer, a dry rain or a dark light would all be subjects of anxious inquiry. Why doesn't he give the *Public Ledger* a chance to answer his question?

The Central Labor Union has expelled the Musical Mutual Protective Union from its organization. Now the fiddlers and horn-blowers will have to finally choose whether or not they will pool their issues with the bricklayers and cigar-makers, because unless they give up membership in the M. M. P. U. within thirty days they will be boycotted and lose the business of scraping and tooting at the festive gatherings of the labor bands. Some of them are used to horns, but which one to select in this dilemma is a problem that is causing the Dutch brains unusual agitation.

It all came about through Manager Hill's refusal to discharge non-union workmen when the Union Square was being altered last summer. His union orchestra refused to desert their post and the M. M. P. U. declined to order them out or discipline them. This caused the kick in the Central league. I haven't any special sympathy for the musicians in their perplexity—if, indeed, they need any—for the reduction of what is generally esteemed as an art to the classification of a trade is a piece of venality that has never reflected credit upon the musicians of this city.

Barnum has had to play the Paganini pretty nearly as much as Milton Nobles. The great confignation at Bridgeport gives him another opportunity of demonstrating his immense enterprise and his resources. But it's an expensive species of demonstration.

Marshal Wilder and other popular entertainers will help along a good work on the evenings of next week following Tuesday. They will diversify a Bazar that is to be held in the house at the southwest corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, under the auspices of Mrs. Dr. Guernsey and Miss Guernsey, in aid of the Diakonessen and Hospital of the Good Shepherd. This institution some time ago offered to care for destitute professionals who might need aid and professional treatment. The object of the Bazar is a worthy one, and with a lot of pretty girls, and pretty articles for Christmas presents on hand, it ought to be a big success.

My jolly friend and esteemed contemporary, The Gusher, isn't the only owner of sagacious dog-flesh connected with this journal. I have a Scotch ratch or stag hound that for gaunt homeliness and intelligence combined can give points to any canine in the land. He has had a dramatic career. Some years ago he appeared with marked success during the run of Storm Beaten at the Union Square—and survived. Since then "Luke" has lived in the country in happy retirement and freedom from the annoyances of professional life. But like all actors he longs to return to

the footlights and for that reason—and because the "legitimate" is tempting—he has accepted a week's engagement with McKee Rankin to play in Macbeth at the Brooklyn Theatre. He has never had any experience as a scene-chewer, but as almost any diet from vagrant cats to juicy tramps, has hitherto agreed with him, the new one will doubtless prove agreeable. "Luke" is going to play the companion of Lady Macduff's children in the production.

The Hilliard-Langtry Controversy.

Opinion is divided as to the merits of the Hilliard-Langtry controversy.

On Mrs. Langtry's behalf it is urged that she simply exercised her prerogative in dismissing Mr. Hilliard; that her action was the result of accumulated annoyances, which had nothing whatever to do with the alleged insult directed at Mrs. Hilliard and Mr. Dixey by Fred Gebhard and some friends on last Monday week at the Harlem theatre; that Mr. Hilliard had been actuated by a desire to acquire free advertising at Mrs. Langtry's expense, and in carrying out this plan he has willfully misquoted and misrepresented her. The actress' friends furthermore claim that if Mr. Hilliard really wished to avenge the insult to his wife he would not have ruthlessly dragged her name into print and taken the initiative in getting the whole matter exploited by the papers.

On the other hand, Mr. Hilliard's conduct meets with the approval of his intimates. They state that he was unfairly dealt with by Mrs. Langtry and his discharge was the climax to a series of petty persecutions. They extenuate his conduct in making the circumstances of the case public, on the ground that there was no other means of vindication at hand.

Mr. Hilliard said in THE MIRROR last week that Mrs. Langtry had recently used the following expression in rebuking him for some real or fancied breach of etiquette: "It might do if you were supporting a variety star. Remember, you are not with Maggie Mitchell, or a dried old woman like Modjeska." The publication of these words has called forth the following letter of denial from Mrs. Langtry.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17, 1887.

DEAR SIR:—In your last week's issue Mr. Hilliard, who was formerly a member of my company, quotes me as having referred to Madame Modjeska and Miss Maggie Mitchell in uncomplimentary terms. Nothing which Mr. Hilliard has permitted himself to say about me has caused me a feeling of transient vexation save this.

For years I have known and admired Madame Modjeska, not only as an artist but as a woman, and it has at no time been possible for me to speak of her except in terms of unqualified admiration and respect. I have never had the pleasure of seeing Miss Mitchell, but I have always understood her to be one of the most estimable women in the profession.

I must therefore beg you to give prominence to my explicit denial of Mr. Hilliard's cruel assertion, and remain, Yours truly, LILLIE LANGTRY.

In connection with this subject THE MIRROR has also received a letter from a relative of Maggie Mitchell, written, of course, without knowledge of the above contradiction. It runs as follows:

24 WEST TWENTY-SIXTH STREET,
NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1887.

DEAR SIR:—There is nothing in the Langtry-Hilliard controversy calculated to make any one desire to involve himself therein, but inasmuch as my honored aunt, Miss Maggie Mitchell, has been referred to, I should like to say a word in reference thereto. Mrs. Langtry has been quoted, and has entered no denial, as referring in a disparaging manner to Maggie Mitchell as a variety artist who is standing in the profession was not to be compared to her (Mrs. Langtry). I do not take exception to the term variety artist as implying disgrace. From the variety stage have come many number of ladies who have achieved success in other branches of the drama, who have borne noble reputations as loyal wives, and whose fame depended upon their work before the footlights, and not upon notoriety achieved before entering the profession. But the fact remains that Maggie Mitchell never was a variety artist. Her early schooling was of the most legitimate sort, her career has always been in the best of theatres, and her surroundings and support always of a character, artistic, or otherwise calculated to compare favorably with those of Mrs. Langtry or anybody else.

If Mrs. Langtry chooses to draw comparisons between Maggie Mitchell and herself, professionally or otherwise, Miss Mitchell will not be the sufferer thereby among those who know her in her artistic career, or in her sweet and blameless private life.

JULIAN MITCHELL.

On Friday last the *World* contained an interview with Mrs. Langtry in relation to the Hilliard matter, in the course of which she was reported as saying:

We all know how people of that sort take their revenge, wherever they are. Probably no one who knows anything of keeping house and discharging unfaithful and incompetent servants, can say they do not know what it is for these people to turn about and say false things. It is the same thing here. I employed Mr. Hilliard. I discharged him for incompetency and impudence.

A reporter called upon Mrs. Langtry in reference to this statement, which, if true, certainly reflected her opinion of the profession she has adopted in a peculiar light. The clipping was shown to her.

"The *World's* article," said the lady, "was written in all kindness, but that portion of it was an error on the part of the writer. I imagine that by this time everybody must know that I think all that is good of the profession. Next to being thought a good American I want to be thought a good actress—or rather, the two go hand in hand in my estimation. It is my wish to have the esteem of my fellow-workers, and since going on the stage I have said nothing and thought nothing that was not in keeping with this wish."

Looking for an Actors' House.

A special meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Actors' Fund was convened on Monday afternoon at the offices of the institution. The gathering was for two purposes: to complete arrangements for the next benefit and to discuss a report of the Purchase of Actors' House Committee. There were present President Palmer, Harry Edwards, T. Henry French, Harry Watkins, William Henderson, Edward Aronson, Edwin Knowles and Tony Pastor.

The benefit committee reported that the Grand Opera House had been placed at their disposal for a performance on the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 1. Mr. Irving, Mrs. Potter, Mr. Dockstader, McKee Rankin and other prominent attractions had volunteered. Mr. Aronson stated that an entertainment will be given for the Fund at the Casino some time in January.

The question of purchasing a site or building for the contemplated Actors' House was discussed. A proposition to buy the property

at the corner of Sixteenth street and Fifth avenue, that was formerly occupied by Marlinell, the restaurateur, was rejected, after consideration, by a unanimous vote. The building, it was said by members of the committee who had examined it, was in a dilapidated condition and a large sum of money would have to be laid out in order to put it into shape for occupancy. The committee were instructed to inspect several other locations that have been suggested. They will report at the next meeting of the Board.

A communication was received from the Rev. Dr. George H. Houghton, of the Little Church Around the Corner, accepting his election as an honorary member of the Fund and expressing appreciation of the distinction that had been conferred upon him.

The Trustees adjourned to meet on the second Thursday in December.

Investigating the "Elocutionists."

Now it came to pass, upon a certain day, that the Editor of THE MIRROR thought he would like to investigate the *modus operandi* of those advertising elocutionists who profess to secure for their pupils good positions on the stage. Obviously, they would not reveal "dark secrets" to a professed reporter, and the Editor realized that he must needs find a maiden to aid him—yes, verily, a maiden of tender years. Therefore, either because of my youth or else my general air of veridancy and trustful innocence, he chose me.

Armed with a list of questions, carefully hidden where no man and few women could find them—I, *e. v.*, in my pocket—I sallied forth.

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And tricks that are vain,
Elocutionists "are peculiar."

—Revised Version.

George Hilliard was the first person whom I favored with a call. He was not quite so hard to find as a "needle in a haystack," but his hiding-place is one of those mysteries which the future alone will reveal. He advertises from 235 West Thirty-fourth street, while the Directory gives his address as 331 West Thirty-fourth, and as I was in doubt as to which place I should visit, I asked the druggist at Eighth avenue and Thirty-fourth street if he could tell me where Mr. Hilliard lived.

"Rather hard to say," was the reply; "he jumps about a good deal, but if you inquire at any or all of the first three houses around the corner you may find him."

From this I judged that Mr. H. did not care to deal in futures, and preferred to have his "many missions" now and here rather than in the "skies" and "the sweet by-and-bye." At the first one of the three houses to which I had been directed, I was informed by a servant that she had never even heard of Mr. Hilliard. Overhearing this remark, a plump, good-looking woman, evidently a landlady, came out and asked me if it was "Hilliard, the elocutionist," for whom I was looking. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, she looked at me pityingly and remarked:

"Well, if I were you, and intended taking lessons of *him*, I wouldn't take."

"Don't you think he is a good teacher?"

"No, I do not! Of course you must not let him know I said this about him, and I should not have said a word, only you're quite young and I know I would not like a daughter of mine to have him for a teacher."

"Why, you don't mean that he flirts with his pupils, do you?"

"Oh, dear, no! nothing of the sort, but I don't think he is able to teach; he is in bad health. Still, if you're set on seeing him, I guess you'll find him at No. 335. Going? Good-bye! Now, remember everything I've told is in confidence. The fact is, I've not seen Mr. Hilliard lately; he used to take his meals here, but he gets them next door now."

Mr. Hilliard was found at 235 West Thirty-fourth street. He is a tall gentleman with a sickly appearance and a moustache to match. I told him I was from the country and that I desired to take elocution lessons with a view to going on the stage. I asked him what method he taught and whether the question of talent entered materially into his method.

"My method," said he, "is a combination of methods. As for talent, it is impossible for a person who is quite destitute of it to enter upon a professional career. However, talent may be latent, and if it be, I can develop it with more rapidity than any other man. I can improve anybody."

"When I leave you, can you get me a position or put me in the way of getting one, and if not, what am I to do?" Mr. Hilliard replied that he could not guarantee me a position, but thought he might be able to put me in the way of getting one. "If not, the best thing you can do is to hire a hall and give public readings."

"Have you ever put any one on the stage, Mr. Hilliard?"

"Oh! yes, a great many—some are 'on the road' now. He did not mention any names. 'I have friends,' said he, 'through whom I am almost always able to secure good engagements for those of my pupils who evince any talent. There is a sort of ring on the stage, and if you are on good terms with any one in the ring, you are all right.'"

"What do you charge for instruction?"

"Two dollars and a half if you take but one lesson a week, or two dollars per lesson if you take twice a week—the money to be paid at each lesson." Mr. Hilliard may or may not be a good teacher, but at least he seems to be honest and he does not promise impossibilities.

Professor Linde resides on Second avenue, near Fourth street, but I do not think he is an Anarchist. He is a fine-looking, middle-aged German, and he lives on the top floor of an apartment-house. To reach his rooms, one must climb three flights of stairs. The place

is neatly but scantily furnished. The Professor was at home when I called, and without giving me time to recover my breath, he asked me half a dozen questions.

"You want to take lessons—elocution lessons?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Helen Foster," I replied.

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"Are you an American—do you live in New York?" was the Professor's next query.

I told him that I was an American, but that I was from the country. I also informed him that I wanted to go on the stage, and asked him the same questions I had put to Mr. Hilliard.

"I teach a method of my own," said Herr Linde; "it is what you might call a Shakespearean method—for I believe you can do nothing without studying his plays. There has been no great master of dramatic art since Shakespeare."

"Do you think it necessary for a person to be talented to succeed in getting a position on the stage? You see, Professor, I have not much talent, but I am crazy to be an actress."

The Professor hesitated a moment, then he said: "No!—talent, though it is an advantage, is not necessary. To prove it, let me relate an incident in my experience. Some years ago I was at home, and one of my intimate friends was director of the Imperial Conservatory at Vienna. They give entertainments at which the pupils of the Conservatory appear. One morning I was present when a young lady begged my friend to let her appear at the next performance. He refused. She wept. He was still implacable. Finally she left the room sobbing. I lit a fresh cigar. 'Why are you so hard on that girl?' said I. The director told me she was stupid, incapable of acting and without talent. 'Let me coach her,' said I. To this he agreed. I coached her for the role she desired, and at a rehearsal two weeks later she drew tears from the eyes of my friend, the director. She was, of course, allowed to appear. Yet she had not much talent, but she worked and studied.' Much impressed by this little narrative, I asked the Professor if he thought he could get me a position on the stage after I left him.

"Undoubtedly!" was his reply.

"A New York engagement?"

"Yes, it is very likely! There are many managers here who are glad to take any pupil I recommend. There will be no trouble about getting you a position."

"Have you ever put any one on the stage?" said I.

"Oh, yes! a great many. Why, one lady, who only took lessons of me for three months, left me to become Warde's leading lady."

"Do you mean Frederick Warde?"

"Yes; the tragedian. Her name was Mrs. Hayman, and she was not a young woman either. She was at me for years before I would give her lessons. I thought her too old. She had children—one of them a boy—when I first knew her. He was so high-motoning to a table—and that youth—I saw him the other day—he is now taller than his mother. Yet she is a success."

"How long before I would be ready to go on the stage, Professor?"

"You should be ready by next Spring."

"And your charges are—?"

"My charges—my charges!" The Professor seemed insulted at the mention of filthy lucre. He strode up and down the room, snorting contemptuously. "I do not skin people!" he cried. "Price is a secondary consideration with me. If I feel interested in a pupil I give them my lowest rates."

For fully ten minutes I endeavored to get a definite idea of the Professor's terms, and finally succeeded. "If you become a quarterly pupil, which is the best plan," said he, "I charge you \$60 a quarter. My quarter is three months, and I give three lessons a week. It is not dear."

I admitted that it was not, and asked if he wanted payment in advance.

"Most certainly, yes!—it is the only way. If you come to me you will be pleased. You have a weak voice—it must be developed. I am the only perfect developer of the vocal organs—in New York at least. If you work hard you are sure of a fine position next Spring."

I told the Professor I would write and let him know my decision in regard to taking the lessons, and then bade him adieu. His accent is almost imperceptible, but it is impossible to do justice to his gestures and his captivating manner. He did not give me the names of the managers who awaited his pupils so eagerly, nor did he mention any leading actress as his pupil; though before I left he assured me that many "stars" came to him to be coached—"though, of course," he said, "it would be dishonorable to reveal their names."

The next place I visited was Miss Fanny Hunt's "Dramatic College," at 22 East Seventeenth street. The "College" is not imposing in appearance. The basement of No. 22 is used as a restaurant, while the Manhattan Chess Club occupies the first floor. Miss Hunt rents two rooms on the second floor. The apartments were uncarpeted. Two or three chairs, a sofa, a venerable bureau, and a new piano, the last evidently hired, completed the list of furniture in the College. The walls were decorated with old playbills in which Miss Hunt's name appeared. Several wire baskets, evidently relics of former triumphs, ornamented the mantel. A cat dozed on the piano stool, and Miss Hunt was studying a scene from King John, when I entered. When she heard that I wished to take lessons, and learned that I desired to go on the stage, she exclaimed: "What a coincidence! I have only lately written a poem called 'The Little Stage-Struck Maid.' And here you come in stage-struck and from the country, too! I will recite you my poem." She arose and, walking to the end of the room, began to recite. The verses described a young girl's visit to a manager. She desires a position at his theatre. He looks at her, thinks her pretty and tells her that he will give her a one-line part; but she must dress in "silks and satins fine" and must go somewhere to be "coached." The young girl is deeply grateful for this magnanimity on the part of the manager, and asks him how she can repay his kindness. He is about to say "with a kiss," but when he looked at "her pure, upturned eyes" his good angel said, "Her kisses are not for such as you." So he gave her two tickets for the play, and "bade her come another day."

"You see," said Miss Hunt, as she sat down again, "people think managers are always kissing girls that apply to them for positions. Now, I want to show that that is not the case. Of course, if a nasty painted woman

comes in, the manager may kiss her; but if they see a girl is all right they'll let her alone. Now, if you take lessons of me, you will have a chance to appear in public next month. I am going to give an entertainment at Chickering Hall on Dec. 8. I will give you tickets to it, any way, whether you take or not. If you do become my pupil, you may recite a little piece. You know Chickering Hall is a fine place. It will be a splendid chance for you. Were you ever in Chickering Hall? I suppose not, if you are from the country."

I told her I had been there once, and then asked if she taught any particular method.

"Oh, no! I don't believe in set methods."

"Do you think it necessary for a person to be talented to succeed?" I asked.

"No; if you thoroughly understand the stage business, and are interested in your work, you will get along."

"Can you get me a position, Miss Hunt?"

"I can, of course; there will be no difficulty about that. The agents I go to will gladly take any pupil I recommend. My pupils are always in demand, and, anyway, managers prefer novices, because they can get them to do as they (the managers) please."

"How long before I will be ready to take a position?"

"Oh, you ought to be ready by next Fall, and then you could start out on the road; not in any of those wretched 'side' companies, but with a good troupe, where they pay a fair salary. But, of course, if you don't care to do this, beginning at the foot and working up, why, you can make a debut."

"I don't understand you. Would not I make a debut anyway?"

"No—not exactly. What I mean is that if you could get anyone to give you a debut, I'd coach you for it, and you would perhaps succeed better than if you waited to work your way up. Now, in England it is far different. There it is better to work up, but here, if you can do it, it is best to follow Mrs. Potter's example—advertise yourself and appear in a leading role. But if you are unable to do this, I'll get you a nice little engagement."

It was rather difficult for me to get away from Miss Hunt. Before I left she told me her history, and favored me with another recitation—this time the selection from King John which she was studying when I came in. She told me that at her entertainment in Chickering Hall she was going to recite "The May Queen." She asked me if I had ever heard it. She also desired me to recite for her, but with my usual modesty and inclination toward self-effacement, I begged to be excused. She informed me that Adelaide Cherie often came to her to be coached. She said that to be a successful soubrette I should first study tragedy—that "all our leading funny men have once been tragedians."

HELEN FOSTER.

Professional Doings.

—Ellen Terry occupied a box at Clara Morris' performance at the Windsor Theatre on Saturday night.

—Jennie Yeomans will make her first appearance in our jeans in this city at the People's Theatre, New York, next week.

—James Ship, the old and faithful valet of John Brougham, the great comedian, died in this city last week from cancer.

—Laura Clement and J. J. Menolo are the latest engagements for the east of the city to be produced at Niblo's Garden next Monday night.

—Walter Hudson, formerly with Helen Dauvray, has been engaged by Tompkins and Gilmore, as treasurer of the Academy of Music.

—It is reported that E. J. Southwick and Mae Hart, of the German Detective company, were married at Bryan, Ohio, last Monday.

—It is reported that Willie Edouin has secured the English rights to Steele MacCarte's *Assault*, and that he will produce it shortly in the provinces.

—The Nineteenth Century Club will shortly discuss the stage. In the debate A. M. Palmer, Brander Matthews and Harry Edwards will take part.

—Adelaide Dotebo, who has been reciting in the English provinces, was tendered a reception and testimonial from the students of Edinburgh University on last Saturday night.

—Charles Coghlan is expected to return to this country in the Spring. No definite announcement as to his first appearance with the Madison Square Theatre company has as yet been made.

—Eos is playing at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, the present week to large business. George Adams and Tommas Hanlon are carrying off the house as usual.

—E. L. Jones and Co., the present lessees of the Opera House, Sherman, Texas, have disposed of their lease to W. B. Kansas, passenger conductor on a Southern railroad.

—There are only four or five contracts now to be given out for the new Broadway Theatre, according to the statement of J. Henry French. The theatre will be finished by March.

—A company with a repertoire, some opera preferred, is wanted at the Temple Opera House, Aberdeen, Alaska, for the holidays. Manager Elkin has other good dates open.

—Jessica Thomas is supported on a tour South by James H. Thomas, Jr., and Fred Mosser, *Agony*, *Prayer*, W. A. Whitwell, W. J. Jones and Bettie Thomas.

—"Go Tell Aunt Mary," a new song, has become very popular as sung by the Black Diamond Quartette in Painesville, Ohio.

—Francis Reiter, musical director, is open for an engagement. Mr. Reiter has been the conductor of some of the best opera and concert companies on the road.

—Seats for the first night of Diary's opening performance in San Francisco is reported to have been sold out before the burlesque arrived in the city.

—Seats for the Thanksgiving day and night performance at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, where the Shadows of a Great City are being given the present week, were sold out four days in advance.

—The Dublin Opera House at Manhattan, N. Y., has become quite a prize as a one-night stand. It is known as Fishkill as well, and has a record of fine business this season. Manager Dibble has open dates in December.

—Manager Ridwell wants an attraction for Christmas and New Year's weeks in New Orleans. He is the best. Application can be made to Mr. Ridwell, or to his New York representative, M. S. Taylor, at East Fourteenth street.

—Ed. Hurst writes to THE MIRROR that he has severed his connection with the Redmond-Harry Kane company as advance representative, and joined Andrews' Michael Strouff company (Katers) in Washington, D. C.

—Manager Minton, who has revolutionized theatricals in Burlington, Ia., is having a very prosperous season. This week the Dilling Opera company opened to a large and brilliant audience on Monday night, and every seat is sold for Wednesday night.

—John Nelsand, well known in Cincinnati amusement circles, died on Thursday last in that city in his thirty-fourth year. His last venture was as manager of the Esther Lyons French Spy combination, which closed after a season of four weeks.

—The New York *Idaho* disbanded at Hot Springs, Ark., on the 16th. Fred Dixon told a *Miner* correspondent that the company closed temporarily on account of Carrie Tietze's health not permitting her to sing, and that they expect to reorganize in about three weeks.

—Fred G. Conrad, manager of the Rhinehart Opera company, wants to correct the statement of *the Boston Falls* (Pa.) correspondent, that the company "closed" fairly good business week of Nov. 7. "Local Manager Foster," writes Mr. Conrad, "said himself that it was the largest business in several seasons."

—The following people have been engaged to support Frankie Kemble in *Urbid*, which opens his season tomorrow (Thanksgiving Day) at Fall River, Mass.: L. Watson, O. Jenkins, Bert, Wallace, George Henderson, Gray Henderson, Howard Kyrle, Wilfred Henry, Lockhart and John Lynde. John Henderson, who is an advance, after a week on the road the company will return to the city to prepare for a run at the Fall River Street Theatre. David Deland has been engaged to put the play in shape.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Nov. 9.

With the Unemployed and the Socialists and Lord Mayor's Day and the arrival of John L. Sullivan and other exciting topics, the newspaper folk in Fleet street have had a high old time this week; but managers are as a rule complaining. The Socialists are, taking them big and large, the most unsocial lot of bounders I have ever met. So they may be let slide as mere frauds. John L. somehow or other forces himself upon one's attention, for wherever he goes he is attended by hordes of sports and others eager to kiss the hem of his garment, and in a general way to show how glad they are to see him. This is hardly a theatrical point, though it cannot be denied that "the slugs" *fautes et gaites* have occasionally a dramatic tendency.

What I started out to say was that, except Mary Anderson at the Lyceum, Miss Esmeralda at the Gaiety and the Shadows of a Great City at the Princess', I know of no London theatre which has lately been doing very good business. At the Globe, however, on Saturday night, we were introduced to a piece which, if the first-night reception and the notices thereof are to go for anything at all, should rival, if not surpass, any success of recent times. This was yet another adaptation from good old Von Moser's *dead-rock* of modern English farcical comedy. The piece adapted was Haroun al Raschid, and the adapter was Sydney Grundy. Of the half-dozen or so who have tried their hands at Englishing this play, Grundy is the first who has really succeeded. When Clotilda Graves essayed the work a few weeks ago the result was three acts of boredom. The best thing about Clotilda's piece was its title—*The Skeleton*. Grundy calls his adaptation *The Arabian Nights*, which is cumbersome and inartistic. Jennie Lee is said to have a version of Haroun al Raschid up her sleeve or in her cupboard, but of its merits or demerits I know nothing. If I mistake not, however, there was an American version upon the road—out West, I fancy—not long ago, which did not pan out quite so well as had been anticipated.

The Arabian Nights being announced for production at the Globe on Saturday evening, the proprietors of the other adaptation thought to get the bulge on their rivals by putting up *The Skeleton* at the Olympic on Saturday afternoon. The result of these tactics was to utterly snuff out *The Skeleton's* chances for ever more. Being badly played it went for nothing, and its faults were even more evident than on its original representation. The Arabian Nights is a good deal more than a mere translation. Grundy has preserved the spirit of the original, whilst leaving the letter at a considerable distance. The hero is a young man who, during his wife's absence from home, has filled up his time by imitating the immortal Caliph of Bagdad. That is to say, he has (in disguise) walked out at night in search of adventures. He found one in the Park, where he happened on a young lady who had lost her way—or, to use his own words—"had somehow or other gone wrong," and before parting from her at the doors of the Aquarium he politely placed around her neck a handkerchief on which was inscribed his real name and address. The sequel may be imagined. The young lady is a "Gutta-percha Girl" who dances on the slack wire at the Aquarium. Being of an extremely larkish disposition, she calls upon the unfortunate Caliph next day and gives him fits. To explain the Gutta-percha Girl's presence to his terrible mother-in-law, the wretched husband introduces her as the rich niece whom they are expecting from America. Luckily his brother-in-law—a horsey little man of eccentric tastes—becomes smitten with the Gutta-percha one, and takes her off his hands just when the complications into which initial lie have led him have become too terrible any longer to be borne.

C. H. Hawtrey as the husband, Lottie Venne as the Gutta-percha Girl, and W. S. Penley as the brother-in-law, played splendidly and gave their author's dialogue in a way which assured success.

I have just spoken of Clotilda Graves in connection with farcical comedy. Now I have to treat her again, and this time in connection with Tragedy. In short, Clotilda (don't for this read short clothes) lately wrote all by herself a five-act Egyptian Tragedy called *Nitocris*. Rumor hath it that Clotilda, who is now perhaps three and twenty, commenced this mighty work when she was eight years of age. Anyhow, she did not put the finishing touches on it until a little while ago, when she, by a stroke of good luck, got an introduction to the great and gorgeous Gus Harris, of Drury Lane Theatre, and read the tragedy to him. Harris was so struck by what he heard that he lent the little lady his theatre, also all the scenes and props he had made for the opera *Aida*, and finally Clotilda's tragedy was tried at Old Drury last Wednesday afternoon.

I do not propose, as some days have now elapsed since the production, to give full details of *Nitocris*. Suffice it now to say that the well-known Queen of that name and of Egypt was the leading character; that she became smitten with the hero, a young Greek named Phedaspes, who was in the corpse-embalming line, and that after having him caught and brought to her boudoir she made certain proposals to him, which he rejected with all the righteous fervor of a Joseph. Whereupon the naughty *Nitocris*, pretending to relent, agrees to the virtuous Greek's marrying his own true love, Soris, who is a waiting-woman in Queen N.'s train. But, anon, *Nitocris* poisons the little waiting-woman and sends her body to Phedaspes on the bridal morn. Phedaspes, in distraction, is about to kill himself, when his little lady-love awakes, because *Nitocris* has not administered the drug properly. The future now seems fraught with joy, when suddenly Phedaspes is charged by a local populace with having "ravished" Soris, and just as

he is about to produce Soris, to prove his innocence, a ferocious Slave, who is "wedded to a wife called Hate," buries his massive dagger in her heart. Then Phedaspes goes mad, and soon is found dying in the desert. Soon *Nitocris* comes to apologize, but is denounced by the Greek, who then dies. As the curtain falls Queen N. is seen clasping the corpse and waiting for the rising Nile to wash her and the Greek out into the infinite.

Miss Graves' tragedy, despite several defects and much inevitable gloom, proved interesting and often powerful. The wicked *Nitocris* was forcibly acted by Sophie Eyre, who looked every inch a queen, except in stature. She was somewhat uncertain as to gesture, but otherwise it was a fine piece of acting. The only other really powerful and consistent rendering was that of the ferocious slave by Robert Pateman. "Handsome Jack" Barnes and James Fernandez appeared, respectively, as the good young Greek who died, and a high priest of the Magi, but neither was in his best "legitimate" form.

Last Thursday the long promised new play by Henry Arthur Jones was tried at a Vaudeville matinee. This was a three-act comedy drama which was formerly announced under the title of *Fair Play's a Jewel*, but was now called *Heart of Hearts*. The story, which is somewhat thin, revolves around a priceless ruby bracelet bearing this name and belonging to an aristocratic family named Fitzralph. Soon the poor but honest heroine, who is about to marry into this family, is charged with stealing this, but the theft has really been committed by the poor but honest heroine's long-lost convict father, who conveniently turns up the moment the hero puts the bracelet down near a conveniently open door. Much anguish results at first from the poor girl being accused, and later, by reason of her attempting to shield her father when she learns he was the thief. In one scene, endeavoring to restore the ruby, and so save her father, she is discovered with it in her pocket, and alarming "scenes" occur. Finally, just as the heroine is about to pass from her aristocratic lover forever, all is explained and set right.

Jones has, with the exception of a somewhat spun-out first act, treated this thread of story artistically, especially in the pathetic scenes, which are very strong. Kate Rorke (the original Sophia) was most touching and charming as the wrongfully accused girl. It is about the best thing she has done. Thomas Thorne, the Vaudeville manager, plays comically as a Socialistic butler to the Fitzralph family—a part full of "fat"—albeit of a conventional cut. Royce Carleton, whose first big hit in London was *Bliss*, made another hit as the repentant returned convict. Sophie, an admirable elderly low-comedienne, of much London renown, has a fine part, an aristocratic middle-aged dame who is secretly married to the comic butler aforesaid. Rose Leclercq has also a fine character, and Fred Thorne and Leonard Boyne are also well off in this respect. Boyne is a bit unequal, but F. Thorne is artistic throughout. *Heart of Hearts* was so warmly received at the trial-matinee that it will to-morrow night go into the Vaudeville bill in place of Sophia, which will then have been played there some 450 times. I am told that *Heart of Hearts* will be seen forthwith at your little Madison Square Theatre. I should say it would just suit the house, but you never can tell. Nothing is more uncertain than theatrical business.

This week the great Coquelin has appeared at the Royalty as Mathias in *Le Juif Polonais*—known to us and to you as *The Bells*. So intimately is this character associated with Henry Irving (in point of fact, it was after first playing this that he awoke to find himself famous) that expectation ran high, and Royalty seats were at a premium. I know Coquelin, and I know his versatility, but I could not see how he was going to manage the Alsatian burgomaster whom Irving has made so weird and picturesque. Still, I thought to find at least an impressive performance, especially after Coquelin's late great acting in *L'Aine*. Instead of which I found a merry-smuggling Mathias, a low-comedy colloquial, confidential, consequential little Mathias, with nods and becks and wreathed grins in place of remorse and penitence for pathos. Coquelin has so startled Londoners by this rendering, and has made so many kindly critics ill with astonishment that an interviewer from the *Pall Mall* waited upon him yesterday to ask why he did. Coquelin claimed that his is the true, natural rendering of the Alsatian burgomaster—a lively, brutal, unfeeling person. This may or may not be; all I know is, I prefer Irving's, for his is powerful, exciting, yes, terrible in its intensity. All things happen for the best, they say. Perhaps Coquelin has been induced to play Mathias here in order to make us remember what a great actor our Henry is in parts that suit him. Also how versatile he is.

George Conquest produced his "Autumn drama" at the Surrey on Monday night Henry Spry, who is a local pantomime writer and the present acting manager of the Surrey, has collaborated with him in the production thereof, and the result is *A Dead Man's Gold*; or, *The History of a Crime*. The five acts which grow shrouded are less thrilling than the title to which they owe their existence, but they may serve for a few weeks. Who the "dead man" was and what became of his gold was not clear—to me, at least—but in Act I. there was a police raid on a low gambling club, followed by a burglary in broad daylight. The burglars entered by the window, although the front door stood invitingly open. When the thieves had all got inside there was a mechanical change, showing the interior to which they had penetrated, and now everybody walked in and out of a safe, being evidently under the impression that the door thereof was a mere ordinary parlor door. In the next act a virtuous youth was accused of the burglary, and has to escape in and out of windows, through and over roofs, and up and down and roundabout the stage generally. The comic policeman having been discovered drunk in a dust-hole, the scene shifted to an upper chamber over an arch through which dashed a raging mill stream. In this chamber the two villains colloqued and wrangled concerning "papers" which contained "the history of a crime." Presently one villain touched a spring and over went the other villain's chair, villain and all, into the depths below, what time the ingenue appeared at the door, with blanched visage, evidently anxious to know what the sheel they were up to. Subsequent acts in

troduce the abduction of the leading lady in a real cart drawn by a real horse, and the endeavors of the arch-villain and his confederates to do to death the said lady and the leading juvenile by poison, asphyxiation and arson.

All these attempts fail and George Conquest, who plays a muddle-headed old man with a tendency to proverbial philosophy, being always about when he is not wanted finally, puts everything straight and in the fulness of time causes the curtain to fall, much to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Charles Wyndham's long-promised adaptation of the *Voyage en Caucase* goes on at the Criterion on Saturday night under the title of *The Circassian*. At least, this is the arrangement at the time of writing. It may be, however, that, as on many previous occasions, the piece will at the last moment be "called in" yet once again in order to be adapted.

GAWAIN

Notes from Paris.

PARIS, NOV. 11, 1887.

The dramatization of Halevy's "Abbe Constantin" by Messrs. Hector Cremlieux and Pierre Decourcelle has met with an enthusiastic welcome at the Gymnase. It is the first real success of the season. The play is bright and clean and will certainly cross the Atlantic. I imagine that the flattering reception given to the piece is due to the fact that it is an interesting play and not because it belongs to what the naturalists call the *berquinades*. Berquin was an author of the last century who wrote moral tales for young folks, and whenever a romantic piece with a marriage for a denouement is brought out here the Zolites speak of it as a *berquinade*. Undoubtedly the uniform goodness of all the characters in the Abbe Constantin makes us suspect the truthfulness of the comedy to nature; but then there are so many persons who go to the theatre to be amused and who do not stop to analyze a piece that interests them.

The novel has no dramatic action, so the adapters have been obliged to furnish some and to take a few other liberties with the book. In the first act the chateau where the Abbe was a constant guest has been sold to Mrs. Scott, an unknown American, and the priest fears that she is a heretic, like most of her fair countrywomen; consequently she will not trouble herself about the poor and will neglect to invite the Abbe to dinner—for he is a bit of a gourmand. The priest recounts his sorrows to his old servant, Pauline, and to his godson, Jean Reynaud, a young artillery officer, who is on a visit to the presbytery. While they are consoling the Abbe, in pops Mrs. Scott and her sister, Bettina Percival. They have come to call on their priest, for they are Catholics. So the good Abbe is reassured, while Jean admires Bettina on the sly. The two Americans give the priest some money for his poor and finish by inviting themselves to dinner.

Some weeks have passed when the second act begins. Mrs. Scott has given a grand party, where Jean and Bettina meet and fall desperately in love. At this ball we see for the first time Mme de Lavardens, a neighbor who has made Mrs. Scott's acquaintance as soon as she learned that Bettina was an heiress. Mme. de Lavardens has a dudge of a son, Paul, who, in true French fashion, has his eye on Bettina's twenty-million dowry. Paul is a friend of Jean, and when he tells him that he intends to propose to Bettina the officer is jealous. One word leads to another and a duel is the result. Jean's regiment is to change camp the next morning at five, but before leaving he will have time to settle his affair with Paul. The encounter takes place and Paul is disarmed. Bettina, anxious to know the result, throws a mantle over her ball dress, puts on a pair of wooden shoes, takes an umbrella—for it rains guns—and runs out to the end of the terrace to see the regiment pass. When she perceives Jean at the head of his battery she is reassured and returns to the house.

In the third act Jean has again come to the presbytery on leave, previous to his departure for Tunis, where he has asked to be sent in order to keep away from the girl whom he loves and cannot marry on account of his poverty. Paul brings about the denouement by telling Bettina that Jean loves her but is too proud to say so because he is poor. Bettina has no idea of allowing the young officer to exile himself to Tunis and forget her. She takes the bull by the horns and, and acting as though it were leap year, proposes to Jean very prettily. She tells the Abbe that she wishes to confess to him, and, in presence of the Lieutenant, she avows her love and asks if she is loved in return. "Yes," replies Jean. "Well, I love you, and am proud to become the wife of a soldier. Will you have me?" It is needless to add that the young officer does not refuse and that their betrothal is then and there blessed by the Abbe Constantin.

In this rapid analysis I have not said anything about the charming details and bright observations that abound. Be sure that Halevy had a hand in making the piece, for his *patte* is visible in more than one spot. The comedy is elegantly mounted and well played by Lafontaine (the Abbe), Marais (Jean), Noblet (Paul), Mme. Marie Magnier (Mrs. Scott), Mile Darland (Bettina), Mme. Desclausas (Mme. de Lavardens), Mme. Grivot (Pauline).

M. Jules de Gouvello has been listened to with respect at the Vaudeville, as the first dramatic work of a man who has gained an honorable rank in fiction. The piece, however, will not hold the stage long, and already the manager has begun the preparation of M. d'Artois' adaptation of the younger Dumas' novel, "L'Affaire Clemenceau." It is pretty safe to say that Dumas has had a hand in this adaptation, and if so, we may be sure that the piece will be a success. But it will not be a *berquinade* like the Abbe Constantin. It will be a realistic drama, exposing a social thesis. The novel appeared twenty years ago, and made a great sensation, for at that time literary criticism was more timorous than it is now and the proposition argued by Dumas seemed singularly bold—the right of an injured husband to kill his wife.

Pierre Clemenceau, the wronged husband, had worked his way up from poverty and become a celebrated sculptor. One day, at a ball, he met a Russian countess and her daughter, Iza. The Countess tells him that she has been robbed of her fortune, but hopes, by a rich marriage of her daughter, to recover her position. Although Pierre loves Iza, he loans her mother the money to return to Russia. Iza tells him that if she does not find the king or prince that her mother hopes to secure for her hand, she will return and marry him. With this promise Pierre sets to work in hope. At the end of three years Iza returns and marries the artist. Pierre is soon disappointed in finding that his beautiful wife has certain eccentricities of taste and conduct and that, become a mother, she cares more about preserving her beauty than attending to her child. He suddenly discovers, what everybody knew before, that his wife is unfaithful. After wounding one of his wife's lovers in a duel, he starts off on a long voyage, hoping to forget her. But she had so taken possession of his soul that he cannot keep her out of mind. Finally, worn out in the struggle, he determines to return and upbraid her. Iza receives him smilingly; she knows the power she exercises over him, and she still knows that he loves her. Conquered by this infernal beauty, Pierre returns to live with her. One night, however, in an access of rage, he looks at Iza sleeping quietly by his side and says to himself that if she continues to live she will make of him one of the most contemptible of men. And he plunges a knife into her breast. The subject is a dramatic one and it will be interesting to see how M. d'Artois will handle it upon the stage.

Sarah Bernhardt's piece, *Ceci Tuera Cela*, which she says she wrote in Chicago one night when she could not sleep, will be put in rehearsal at the Odeon as soon as La Tosca is produced at the Porte Saint Martin. The actress will superintend the rehearsal. There are three characters and a general, his wife and a nephew; and three mute personages, an infant, a sister of charity and a domestic. The nephew, a young physician, has loved his aunt not wisely but too well, and the General thinks that the child is his own. How vain old men are sometimes! The lady who forgot herself once, hates her nephew, loves her husband and idolizes her child. The infant is taken seriously ill, and to save him the mother is obliged to call her nephew, who demands that his aunt shall renew her relations with him. The subject of the piece is, therefore, the struggle between maternal love and a wife's duty. The most serious problems and painful situations that this trio can furnish are cleverly presented by Sarah. At the end the child dies, and this sad expiation is followed by the wife's rehabilitation.

The Fiancee des Verts-Poteaux is the title of a new operetta that has been successfully produced at the Menus-Plaisirs. M. Maurice Ordonneau is the author of the libretto and M. Edmond Audran has written the music. The piece itself is obscure, but M. Audran's score is charming.

M. Zola having consented to make certain slight changes in *Germinal*, so as not to frighten the bourgeois, the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Spuller, has removed the prohibition placed by the censorship two years ago. So in a month or two we shall see Zola and his inseparable Busnach at the Chatelet. *Par contre*, dame Anastasie has refused the authors of a review now in rehearsal at the Cluny to use the title *Comme la lune*. This was the expression used by Colonel Coustan, of the Fire Brigade, when he testified before the City Council about the causes of the Opera Comique fire. In the course of his remarks he said that while he was called to command the firemen he was "Pompier comme la lune" meaning thereby that he, a soldier, knew as much about fire matters as the moon.

The death of Jenny Lind reminds me that she would never consent to sing at Paris. She was partly educated here at the Conservatoire and under Manuel Garcia, but her debut at the opera was not as much of a success as she had hoped for. Was it the remembrance of this failure that made her always decline to return here, or was it because, as Helene pretended in one of his witty articles, "She was afraid to expose her singing virginity on the perverse boards of the Rue Le Peletier?" I do not know whether any one has repeated the *mot* of some Boston wag at the time of the Swedish nightingale's marriage in the Modern Athens, but I will risk it. Goldsmith her husband, was younger than she and poor, while "our Jenny" was well-to-do. This fact led the Boston wit to say that the young pianist was *gold smit*.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

PARIS NOV. 5, 1887.

All the theatres are once again open and have all sorts of guards in case of fire; in fact some day we may hear of an audience being drowned if things keep on. The other night, during a performance of *La Mascotte* at one of the theatres, the people in the orchestra stalls were suddenly drenched by a volume of water coming from the roof. Half of the audience went out, but returned on discovering

that it was simply the overflow of a large tank on the roof. The gallery certainly had the best of it in this instance.

The Bouffes Parisiens was opened a fortnight ago with a new operetta called *Sosie*, which depends a good deal more on funny situations than any elaborate plot. The cast is very fair and the chorus made up of some very bewitchingly pretty girls. This display of good looks is all the more of a treat as it is not the rule here in Paris. Like all the rest of the theatres, many comfortable improvements have been made at the Bouffes during the Summer.

Degomme at the Gymnase is to be followed by *L'Abbe Constantin*. By the way, some of the ladies wear stunning costumes in the first named piece. In the first act Mile. Darland wears a princess robe of pale, pink satin, with running stripes of flowers. The corsage opens over a front of the most exquisite lace, which extends down the whole length of the dress, and the sleeves are a ravishing combination of the satin and lace. In the second act, the same actress figures in a lovely carriage dress; the skirt of green, watered velvet, the front being draped with tulle, which is embroidered with flowers of most artistic hues, and the corsage and back drapery are of moiré in a new shade of heliotrope. One of the prettiest costumes is worn by Mile. Desclausas—a skirt of sky blue, around the bottom of which extends a broad band of gold embroidery and colored stones. The rest of the dress consists of Sicilian colored silk, with a vest, collar and cuffs of the embroidery.

The cast of *Dix Jours aux Pyrenees* at the Gaiety is made up and the piece has been in rehearsal for some time. M. Bonnier's new play, *Mahomet*, was read recently to the committee of the Theatre Francais by M. Mounet Sully. Several of the members who had deserted the Francais have expressed a desire to return, but they were informed that the management were much more likely to cut down the number of the company than add to it.

Barbe Bleu is likely to be revived at the Nouveautés with Mile. Jeanne Granier in the leading role. M. Gaverre will appear at the Grand Opera here this Winter in *La Favorite*.

Mile. Theo is to play the leading role in *Le Voyage: ux Pyrenees*.—The Opera Comique company are rehearsing *Romeo et Juliette*.—Mile. Maret, who took a prize at the last Conservatoire examinations, will make her debut shortly at the Opera.—At the sale of Offenbach's effects lately a carpet was sold for a hundred and sixty francs, of which the centre was thick and had the characters of La Grande Duchesse worked upon it. M. A. G.

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The scenes between Nora (Mrs. Harry Bloodgood) and Teddy Cregan (Mr. Charles Warren) are very amusing and the songs they sing extremely entertaining. —New Orleans Times Democrat, Nov. 1.

Charles Warren as Teddy Cregan and Mrs. Harry Bloodgood as Nora Brophy sang several beautiful songs, and the divertissement was the pleasant portion of the drama. —Columbus (O.) Journal, Nov. 18.

Autrefois acte, M. Charles Warren, qui a de l'âme et de l'intelligence scénique, chante et fait fort joliement une berceuse. "Papa, Sweet Mamma and Me," que le public aime, et c'est justice. —L'Abolite, New Orleans, Nov. 1.

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